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CROW'S WING

A Strange Story of a Horse BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

He was not my horse. Or if he was, he was mine only in the sense in which one claimed the ghosts and traditions of his ancestors. He was my grandfather's horse; and he was the blackest horse, I have heard the old man say, that ever bore hoof. And he was the prankiest horse, I have heard my grandfather's blacksmith say, that ever cast shoe. And having received testimony from these, the most intimate acquaintances of the animal, I have settled it satisfactorily in my own mind that he was the most wonderful horse that ever wore bit.

In color, as I said, he was black; black as a crow. In speed he was swifter than a bird on the wing. And it was owing to his color and his fleetness that my grandfather called him Crow's Wing.

Hercules, the blacksmith, however, called him Go Devil. The animal, strange to say, responded, in horse fashion, to be sure, to either name; and moreover was known through all the country round about both as Go Devil and Crow's Wing. That name being used according to the speaker's feeling for the beast. His admirers called him Crow's Wing, while his enemies would follow his fleet feet with a jealous eye, and swear the brute was aptly named, since he did go like the very devil himself.

Just why my grandfather loved this horse I have never been able to understand. But since the creature made his exit from the world a quarter of a century previous to my debut into it, there are doubtless many things connected with his strange and adventurous career that I have never been able to understand. And doubtless, too, horses, like men, in dying earry their good qualities with them, leaving the evil behind, as a sort of vengeful legacy to human-

But that the old man-he was a young man when Crew's Wing came into his possessiondid love his black horse is not to be denied. One proof of it is in the portrait of him which hung for forty years in my grandfather's drawingroom, and for more than half as many years in my own mother's hallway, and may even yet be found somewhere among the rubbish in my own garret, where my wife has stored it. That it is in the garret I am quite certain, for it was but yesterday that I heard my oldest daughter. Seraphine Beatrice, order the kitchen boy to overhaul it and cut away the canvas in order that she might utilize the frame for some crazy work upon which she was putting some fancy stitches.

The picture was a fine thing in its day, a very fine thing. Though the colors were too somber for the artistic eye of my daughter Beatrice, and three chromos of unusual size and shading hang in the space formerly given my grandfather's legacy.

But in his day-my grandfather's-I have heard that men rode ten miles to see the portrait of Crow's Wing. He was drawn life size, as the old man ordered, without bit or bridle, his black mane trailing from his bowed neck, and his black tail lifted the merest hint. His wicked eyes were wide open, and his great nos-trils were distended and swollen. His black hide shone like like a satin pillow, and his flanks were splotched with foam. There was foam upon his mouth and nostrils, and a white froth flecked his fore legs, as if he had but lately tossed his magnificent head in flery defiance. Indeed defiance was painted as plainly in the

orm, position and general effect as was the figre itself. Only, that the expression in the animal's face was one so subdued, gentle, and altogether ten-der that the beholder exclaimed upon it in won-

The secret was soon explained. Under the black devil's mane, resting upon his glorious throat, was a hand, a fine white hand that seemed to have but suspended a caress while the painter drew it. It was my grandfather's hand; and so long as it rested upon his black throat Crow's Wing was

as submissive as a woman to the hand of her This was the original design, as my grandfather ordered it. But it is not an exact description of the picture that hung in his drawing-room. It was the blacksmith who ordered the altera-

tion, in my grandfather's name. It was just after Crow's Wing had had "a sitting" and my grandfather, withdrawing his hand from the rebellious throat, commanded Hercules, the smith, to lead him to the shop and replace the shoe he had cast while setting forth bis objections to being put upon canvas.
But no sooner was he left alone with Hercules

than he proceeded at once-as Hercules himself declared-"to show the devil in him." He snorted and reared, and drew his great body in all manner of distortions and contortions, and finally he planted his forefeet upon the earth and flatly refused to stir. It was in vain that the blacksmith sweat and swore. Crow's Wing was as firm as the rock upon which the smith swore he had taken root.

Fearing to disobey the commands laid upon him Hercules called a boy from the shop and haltered the beast at the place of his own chooshammer and shod him.

"The other hoof needs one as bad, ye ugly beast," he said, "but since ye have no mind to come into my shop ye can go barefoot, ye son of a devil; go.

believe it? the horse dropped his head in a half-saucy, half-triumphant "I-got-you," and meekly followed the blacksmith into his workshop. There he cut the wildest of capers; he sniffed at the flery forge and made unearthly sounds, in time and pitch with the roar of the smith's great

"What makes him?" asked the startled shop hand; and the blacksmith answered, "Because he's come from hell and thinks he's home again." However, Hercules shod the other foot ungraclously, with the in-no-wise complimentary assurance that he would enjoy infinitely more to have the defiant head on his anvil under his iron hammer. It was then the Crow's Wing played the knave. At the moment the last pail was driven and the free foot touched its native heath he dropped his grand, wicked head and bit the biacksmith on the arm that wielded the iron

The next instant he was gone-gone like a black breath from hades. The smith avenged himself in a most singular manner. He called upon the painter engaged to make the portrait, and delivered the order, as from his master, my grandfather, that the foam upon Crow's Wing's flanks and forelegs be substituted with fire, and that flame be made to issue from the great notrils and set a gleam in the eyes of the brute. And it was done; and when it was done my grandfather swore. Swore as only a well-bred

gentleman can awear. He swore by all that was holy and all that was not-by all gods and all devile—that there never was a painter and there never was a horse so wonderful as this painter and this horse. "Damme! but it's glorious!" he would exclaim fifty times a day. Finally he swore by Hercules

bimeelf that the animal "looked like a devil with the spirit of a god." And indeed it was a magnificent thing in its day. The flame from the great nostrils creeping up to the roots of the jetty mane and planting a red spark in either black eye, while balls of living fire dropped upon his forelegs without

so much as singing one satin black hair. My grandfather swore the picture was that of an animal dropped from Olympus. Though Hercules swore it had more the bearings of one come from hell, I am sure that if Hercules spoke truly, Crow's Wing served in his infernal home in no humbler capacity than as chariot drawer to Pluto himself.

The expression of the countenance was unchanged, ducile, gentle, loving. The white hand, half hidden by the black mane, seemed only the more suggestive in comparison with the fire-

My grandfather was beside himself. For three days he employed himself in studying the wonderful portrait, and endeavoring to devise some means by which to relieve himself in part of the great obligation bearing upon him there-

At the end of the third day he called Hercules into his drawing-room and with great forethough presented him with one dozen of the best volumes in his library, and bade him make s scholar of himself in keeping with the genius with which nature had endowed him. He also tave him with great generosity a sont of clothes -consisting of a cutaway and doublet, emproidered in quaint designs of the most delicate gold braid. A pair of trousers of an earlier date and a cocked hat of unusual dimensions. He further bade him make a gentleman of himself Which advice Hercules followed faithfully as

AGAIN I HEAR MY MOTHER SING.

(WAS MIR ALS KIND DIE MUTTER SANG.)





months he lighted his fire with the twelve good volumes, and stopped an untold number of uncomfortable cracks with the gold-braided cut-away, to say nothing of the broken window-pane effectually healed with the soft felt of the

voluminous hat. My grandfather was a young man then; a young man and a gallant one. A patriotic man. It was but natural that he should serve in the war. Though it is somewhat strange that the Revolution should have come at the moment when my ancestor's gallantry and patriotism were at the flood. He enlisted, as also did Crow's Wing. And if my grandfather was a Colonel, Crow's Wing was no less than General, for he commanded my grandfather's movements as certainly as my grandfather commanded the

movements of his men. When my grandfather enlisted, my grandmother, pretty young dear, was heart-broken. Even hard old Hercules, when he heard the news, entreated my grandfather not to ride Go

But it was useless. My grandfather was a gentleman, every inch, and a patriot. A blind man would have sworn it, could be have seen him step out on the east piazza with the jealous sunlight catching at the silver buckles upon his knees and on the side of his new cocked hat. There were white ruffles upon his shirt front and at his wrist. The latter showed quite con-

spicuous when he drew off his yellow buckskin ing; after which he brought shoe, shears and | in order to bid my grandmother good-bye. My ancestor was a gallant gentleman; he lifted my grandmether's dainty little fingers to his lips and reverently commended her to the care of the soldier's God.

She, poor frightened dear, clung to his bosom Then he removed the halter and started across | until her tears quite limbered the pretty ruffles the sward toward his shop. And, would you of his shirt bosom. And when he had mounted e threw berself upon Crow's Wing buried her face in his black mane.

The horse, submissive to but one hand, threw up his haughty head and made ready for eebellion. But my brave grandmother laid her right hand firmly upon the silver bit and drew the proud head down until the nostrils touched her breast. Then she put her lips to his ear, and while her left hand gently stroked his face she

"Bear him safe, good Crow's Wing" My grandfather was so delighted at this proof of courage and affection that he dismounted to embrace his wife again and to swear that her heroism was worthy the wife of a soldier of the revolution, and that her tenderness entitled her to the name she was soon to bear-that of | father swore it was so. He had saved his mas-

So my grandfather rode off to the war with the sunlight on his buckles and in his eyes. But the sunlight could not blind him to one picture that followed him ever. The vision of an angry. black war horse chafing and fretting, and a very small white hand that clung to a shining silver bit. A woman's hand, a very beautiful hand,

and very white it shone against the steed's satiny black. My grandfather saw it many times; sometimes at midnight when the battle was suspended for

"Bear him safe good Crow's Wing." The shot flying over the battle-field sung the words, and the bursting shell screamed them in his ear, while the little hand upon Crow's Wing's bit dragged him back from peril. Many, many times did my grandfather see

Those were troublesome times. My ancestor bere his part and fought he best. But for all his courage and patriotism. I have heard him say he would have come off the battle-field foot foremost long before the battle

of Yorktown but for Crow's Wing. My grandfather never wearied of talking about the war; but he loved to speak of the battle of Yorktown. Not of the dangers he had passed, so much as the part Crow's Wing played in the great historic engagement. And truly it is well worthy the telling.

There had been a tremendous fight, and my grandfather's regiment had been ordered to a position somewhat to the right of the main army. Crow's Wing was a regular war-devil. He understood the meaning of each military signal as well as the best-trained soldier on the field. At well as the best-trained soldier on the field. At the sound of the reveille he would throw up his next twenty-four hours still bore witness to my magnificent head and champ upon his bit impatient to be off. He would fairly dance to the belching of the cannon; and his huge nostrils would swell and quiver whenever his wicked eye beheld the smoke of the battle-field. And when the bugle announced the battle ended he would drop his proud head until the black mane swept the earth, and slowly take his way back to camp, like a king weary of court. But so long as a gun was fired or a cannon discharged, that rebellous head was not lowered one inch. He was a warrior, Crow's Wing was; a right royal warrior, that might with honor have followed the fortunes of Cortez in his crusade against the

Yet there was one time when Crow's Wing played the coward, or at least my ancestor suepected him of cowardice at the moment. That was at the battle of Yorktown. My grandfather's regiment, as I said, bad

gained it, my an cestor thought to push on to a slightly higher position, one which, though dangerous, would be of great advantage to the regiment. He determined to ride on alone and reconnoiter before advancing the regiment. But Crow's Wing was equally determined not to advance further into the enemy's power. No sooper did he understand the point he was expected to make than he threw up his head in his old rebellious manner, and planting his fore-

feet firmly, absolutely refused to go. My grandfather coaxed and entreated, but the obstinate Crow's Wing refused to go a foot further from the main body of the regiment. It was near nightfall, and the smoke, together with the gathering twilight, rendered it almost as dark as midnight. My grandfather had never struck his proud steed and had never spoken harshly to him; but at this moment he was greatly tempted to bring his spurs in contact with the stubborn flank. He leaned forward to learn if peradventure

some obstacle, unseen in the uncertain light, hindered the animal's advance, when his eye beheld that which caused him to whirl and gallop back to his regiment. That which he saw was a white hand gripped upon the silver bit, dragging the black war-horse backward. "Bear him safe, good Crow's Wing." A shell passing over his shoulder hissed the words in

But fly as he would, the shot flew faster, and before the point of safety could be reached Crow's Wing stood riderless beside a little hill-ock upon which lay my brave grandfather with a bullet in his breast. He was not dead, however, for after a while he put out his hand and stroked the black steed's

bended throat. "Was it you or your mistress, my beauty?" he asked, and the glorious head was rubbed against the heart of its wounded master, until the soldiers came to bear him from the battle-field. One laid his hand upon the horse's bit; but Crow's Wing threw up his wicked head, as if he would serve the presumptuous one as he served

Hercules the day he had burned to have that same head under his iron hammer. The soldier drew back. "You he-devil," he hissed; and would have left the animal to his fate. But my grandfather, from his pallet in the hospital-wagon, lifted his hand and beckoned, and Crow's Wing, with bowed neck and proud step, followed the ambu-

lance from the battle-field. The beast was gifted with foresight; my grandter's life more than once by refusing to carry him into perilous places, as at the battle of Yorktown. But one of the strangest of his many strange capers was one performed while my grandfather was still an inmate of the hospital for the Yorktown wounded.

It was one hour past midnight and three minutes on to the next hour. My grandfather was quite positive as to the time, for he had but just drawn his silver time-piece from beneath his pillow, and still held it open when a slight noise at the window, near his cot, attracted his attention. Something brushed across the shutter, as if in the effort to unfasten it. My grandfather listened. It was June, and the broad sash was raised. Something or some one was trying to get in. My grandfather looked around at the white cots, some with blood-spattered pillows, all with weary and dying occupants. It would be cruel to rouse them from their blessed forgetfulness. He turned his face to the window and half whispered, "Hist! Who is there!" A low whinney was the answer. My grandfather reached with his left hand, it being the

one nearer the window, and unfastened the There, black against the white moonlight, stood Crow's Wing, at his throat a small white hand, grasping the gleaming bit with all its frail strength.

"Bear him safe, good Crow's Wing."

Crow's Wing never lied.

The hero of Yorktown swooned as the night wind whispered the words through the open It was in vain that the nurses endeavored to convince my ancestor that the wound in his breast was healing. He swore he was to die. Crow's Wing had brought the message, and

ancestor's improvement. In a vague way he began to suspect the prophet up to some wicked prank, some underhand manœuvre to get home. Home! My grandfather's head left the damp hospital pillow. What had happened at home that no message had come to him? He would sak for his letters in the morning. And just as he had said it something brushed the shutter and rattled it. My grandfather flung it wide at once, and there again stood Crow's Wing with the hand upon his bit. He thrust his black head within the window, and uttered one cry, so shrill and piercing, so altogether unearthly, that the wounded soldiers sat up and shuddered, and even the dying opened their eyes and

My grandfather turned and confronted the frightened attendant. "Bring me my clothes," he commanded; "my wife is dying. Which advice Hercuies followed faithfully as been ordered to a certain position, and had far as the blacksmith shop, where for tweive gained it at the point of the bayenet. Having of Crow's Wing, and that strange creature was

crossing the country like a black meteor. all the while the white hand guided the bit, and the click of hurrying hoofs repeated the admoni-

My grandfather reached home only in time to

receive from her hand the gift that was to sup-

"Bear him safe, good Crow's Wing."

ply, if might be, her place in his empty heart. The gift was her daughter, and my own mother, then a child of eight summers. The Revolution was accomplished. A republic was born. But before the birth pangs of a nation had ceased its sound the wails of uncertain motherhood my grandfather had settled down to the quietude of middle age. He had seen the surrender of Cornwallis and knew the Republic was born. He had heard the maternal

the birth of the infant republic as the coveted privilege, denied her, of nursing it at her own oreast. The after petty squabbles were as nothing to my ancestor. For him the war ended, as indeed it ended, with the great battle of Yorktown. He was a country gentleman again, and gave his attention, I have heard, together with

groans of Great Britain lamenting not so much

His love for his daughter increased each day; his affection for Crow's Wing never changed. And, while the child grew more gentle and] more womanly each day that my grandfather grew more feeble and fanciful, Crow's Wing was the same black, flery devil, submissive to but one band. The years made but slight impression on the strange, foresighted beast. My grandfather used to swear he had been dipped, like the son of Peleus and Thetis, in the river Styx, and that time had no power, even as malice had no might against the black steed's vitality. Neither controlled time the animal's affection: Crow's Wing's love for his master was unchangeable.

Indeed, the feeling between master and horse was something surpassing the affection I have known to exist between human beings of much nearer relationship than my ancestor and his

To the last days of his life! Crow's Wing took from no hand but my grandfather's. No hand but his dared clip a fore or put a shear upon a fetlock. To the last day of his life! The last day! Ah! there is neither man nor record can tell when or where that last day was. His giving out was as strange and incomprehensible as his life had been. My grandfather said solemnly the animal's heart was broken. Hercules declared with equal solemnity that it was my ancestor's heart which was broken, and that Crow's Wing had merely returned to the devil as he was bidden and had doubtless resumed the service of the master he had never entirely renounced.

Yet, it was strange, the animal's exit, strange and incomprehensible; and thus are many incidents which go to prove that my grandfather did not err in supposing the heart of his favorite broken. And reasoning from similar premises there is large room to doubt the conclusion offered by Hercules, that Crow's Wing had returned to the service of the enemy of mankind. Facts lean largely to the contrary opinion, leaving no weak ground for the hope that Crow's Wing reached the pleasant pastures prepared for all good and faithful horses. The facts run as follows:

One evening about twilight my grandfather was sitting on the east piazza-the same where years before he had kissed my grandmother's hand and commended her to the care of the soldiers' God.

It was again June, and the air was scented

with roses mingled with the odor of wild pine and purple clematis. One star shone in the cold blue heavens; one lonely star that might have been the eye of some unhappy mother set to watch the wanderings of an erring child. My grandfather was weary; moreover he was out of his humor. He had ridden ten miles that day to a neighboring city, and just as he came within sight of the spires and cupolas, Crow's Wing had planted his fore feet and refused to | dows opened to the east, and through them floated enter. The animal had meant to bring some | the odor of June roses and wild pine, mingled message; he always meant something, some forewarning, when he acted thus, and my grand-

loped homeward. hand had given the silver bit a slight shake, burrying him in from danger. He had fancied so; the sun shone in his eyes, he was not sure. but he fancied it was so. Crow's Wing had intended to warn him-the

father had straightway turned about and gal-

message he had meant to bring him had not been made plain, and my ancestor, sitting on the step of the east piazza, heedless of the perfume, and the one star shining above the lovely lawn, fretted himself into a fever because of Crow's Wing's behavior. elinging to a silver bit, a woman's hand, small As he sat thus, with his head bowed upon his hands, his elbows upon his knees, Crow's Wing

himself crept through the privet hedge which partially inclosed my grandfather's lawn, and made straight toward the figure upon the piazza

soft, green sward; he moved as noiselessly and as swiftly as a black phantom. My grandfather started when the clay cold

nostrils rubbed his throat. It was as the touch of the dead. The next moment he followed the old familiar habit of stroking the soft, black receive my grandmother's last embrace, and to Crow's Wing was not content, however, with caresses. He made as though to pluck my grandfather's sleeve, and the master, whose faith in the steed's gift of foresight had never weakened, arose at once. and with his arm thrown lightly across the proud neck followed the Crow's Wing across the sward, through the privet, toward the burying ground of his dead

and forgotten ancestors.

My grandfather did not approve of the direction of the evening walk, and trembled somewhat lest the animal should stop among the graves of his forefathers. But it was not so. The Crow's Wing did not stop, and soon my grandfather began to suspect

him of maneuvering for his company. Consequently he removed his arm from the horse's neck and turned back toward the newly plowed fields, and the grave-yard, beyond which the lights from the ancestral mansion shone down the long length of the white plume privet. "You're getting old my boy, like your master," his affection, to his home, his daughter and his | he said, but a stranger witnessing the capers cut by Crow's Wing when my grandfather turned back would have sworn no old horse could have performed such feats of limb and heel, to say nothing of snorting whinneying and pawing of the earth.

My grandfather went on, somewhat provoked indeed that he had been led upon such a fruitless and unsatisfactory expedition. And all the while Crow's Wing was sniffing and snorting, as if, as Hercules said, the very devil were come to fetch him. And all the while my dear old grandfather was losing more and more his patience. But the crowning stroke was put to his passion when the unaccountable Crow's Wing plant-

ed himself in the path and effectually barred his My grandfather was furious. He lifted his right arm and with all his strength struck blindly into the black face so near his own. "Go to the devil," he roared, "with your devilish tricks." The proud beast stood motionless a moment,

as I have once or twice seen a human being do when hearing for the time that some beloved one has turned traitor. Then he dropped his magnificent head between his forelegs and galloped away in the darkness. My grandfather heard the click of his iron shoes as they struck now and then upon a rock on the hard hills toward which he sped. In vain my ancestor reproached himself; in vain did he call in the most caressing of tones, and again and again give the sweet, shrill whistle that had never yet failed to find re-

sponse. In vain; Crow's Wing was gone, and gone forever-in the flesh. That he returned in the spirit I have no reason whatever to doubt and much reason to be-My grandfather aged rapidly after Crow's Wing's mysterious disappearance. And as the years crowded upon his head strange fancies crowded into it.

He spoke often of his wild beauty, often and tenderly.
"I rode Crow's Wing over to M--- last night," he would sometimes say to my mother at break-

"And it is a lie they tell, who say I struck him." Then he would drop his chin into his hand and sigh. Sometimes when a neighbor would call in the old man would lean eagerly forward in his great arm chair and ask: "Did you meet my horse, air, as you came! I

am waiting for him: the rascal has run off." Again he would ask in a half whisper, "Do you believe in broken hearts?" One night a silence fell upon the old ancestral home. The midnight's wing hung heavy without; within the candles sputtered in their silver sockets, showing the cot by the open window upon which lay my ancestor, dying. The win-

with the faint sweet scent of the clematis. And through the broad old easement came another sound than the beating of the purple pines against the eaves of the quaint old home-It was high noon, and my grandfather put the stead. A sound of hurrying boofs, a sharp click horse to his best speed, for he fancied an unseen of iron shoes upon the hard hills beyond the sward and the lonely grave-yard. The watchers held their hearts to listen, and Death himself stood aside while my grandfather

lifted his hand through the open casement-and beckoned. Nearer came the phantom steed, nearer the elick, click of the hoofs until they struck the soft sward of the lawn, and the watchers saw, blacker than midnight, the form of Crow's Wing at the open window, and at his throat,

"Bear him safe, good Crow's Wing."
My grandfather lifted himself in bed. "He has come for me," be said. And the watchers, hearing again the click of galloping hoofs, knew that Death had galloped His hoofs gave no sound as they struck the away with the spirt of my ancestor.

The Long Ago. Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time, As it runs through the realm of tears.
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
As it blends in the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of a low, And the summer-like buds between, And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow, As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

Where the softest of airs are playing. There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime, And a song as sweet as a vesper chime, And the June with the roses are straying. And the name of the isle is "Long Ago,"

There's a magical isle up the river Time,

And we bury our treasures there; There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow, There are heaps of dust—ah, we loved them so; There are trinkets and tresses of hair

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer.
There's a lute unswept and a heart without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings
And the garments our loved ones used to wear. There are hands that are waved from the fairy shore,

By the fitful mirage he lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river was fair. Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,

All the day of our life until night; And when evening glows with its beautiful smile, And our eyes are closing in slumbers awhile, May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

-B. F. Taylor.

HE-(Aside). If I should steal a little kiss Oh, would she weep, I wonder! tremble at the thought of bliss If I should steal a little kiss' Such pouting lips would never miss The dainty bit of plunder; If I should steal a little kiss, Oh, would she weep, I wonder?

SHE-(Aside). He longs to steal a kiss of mine-He may if he'll return it; If I can read the tender sign He longs to steal a kiss of mine "In love and war"-you know the line; Why cannot be discern it He longs to steal a kiss of mine-He may if he'll return.

BOTH-(Five minutes later). A little kiss when no one sees-Where is the impropriety! How sweet amid the birds and bees A little kiss when no one sees; Nor is it wrong the world agrees, If taken with sobriety. A little kiss when no one sees, Where is the impropriety!

-Samuel Minturn Peck. L'Eau Dormante.

Curled up and sitting on her feet Within the window's deep embrasure, Is Lydia; and across the street,
A lad, with eyes of roguish azure,
Watches her buried in her book. In vain he tries to win a look. And from the trellis over there Blows sundry kisses through the air, Which miss the mark, and fall useen Uncared for. Lydia is thirteen.

My lad, if you, without abuse, Will take advice from one who's wiser, And put his wisdom to more use Than ever yet did your adviser; If you will let, as none will do, Another's heartbreak serve for two, You'll have a care, some four years hence, How you lounge there by yonder fence And blow those kisses through that screen— For Lydia will be seventeen.

-f. B. Aldrich, in Atlantic. Waiting for the Bugle. We wait for the bugle; the night dews are cold. The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old, The field of our bivouse is windy and bare, There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair, The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown

As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown. At the sound of that bugle each comrade shall spring Like an arrow released from the strain of the string; The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back To banish the chill of the drear bivouse, And sorrows and losses and cares fade away

When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day. Though the bivouse of age may put ice in our veins, And no fiber of steel in our sinew remains, Though the comrades of yesterday's march are no

And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are Though the sound of our cheering We shall find our lost youth when -Thomas Wentworth Higginson, ... July Contury, .. Dary purposes.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. in the Gloaming.

Husband (who has been acting a little guiltily Husband (who has been acting a little guiltily ever since he returned from the office)—Nellie, dear, I fear—indeed, I am quite sure—you must have seen me kiss the housemaid this morning. How can I—— Nellie Dear (sweetly)—Oh, never mind, Edward, dear; I kissed the grocer's boy and the gas man before you reached the street-car. It's all right. And how mad that injured and insulted husband was! How he did whoop things up! Man is a funny animal, anyhow. anyhow.

A Splendid Subject

Omaha World. Metropolitan Editor-Write an able article, carefully reviewing the topography and populatravel from men and beasts, giving the line of Stanley's probable march, and your conclusions regarding Stanley's probable fate.

Assistant—I don't know anything about it.

"Neither does any one else. It's a splendid subject for fine writing." What a Nice Umbrella Costs. New York Sun.

Brown-That's a handsome umbrella you've got there, Robinson. Robinson-Yes. Brown-About what does it cost to carry an

mbrella like that? Robinson-Eternal vigilance. Love's Young Dream.

New York Sun.

"Birdie," whispered a happy young Chicago lover, "now that we are engaged you mustn's call me Mr. Porcine any more." "Ah no, darling," responded the girl, with a sigh and a snuggle, "you must always call me Birdie' and I will always call you 'Butch." Some Robustness Left.

The Epoch.

Bobby (whose grandpa is sleeping on the lounge and snoring as only grandpas can and
-Ma, is grandpa so very feeble! Mother-Yes, dear. Bobby-Well, you wouldn't think so to hear him, would you, maf

Of Small Value. Husband (contemplatively)-How true it he my dear, that the good that men do is oft interred with their bones.

Wife (not contemplatively)-Yes, I s'pose there's so little of it that it isn't considered worth saving. An Aristocratic Wound. Time. Al-Were you ever bitten by a jelly-fish when

Mrs. Parvenu-Yes: but not by an ordinary elly-fish. By a guava-jelly-fish, in Cuban

bathing

Which One? Sympathetic Old Lady (to convict,—Ah, my unfortunate friend, your fate is indeed a hard one, and as she thinks of you here in this dreadful place, how your poor wife must suffer! Convict (very much affected)-Wh-which

one, mum! I'm up for bigamy. A Student of the Game.

"Well, young man," said a sporting-goods dealer, "what can we do for you!" d'Have you books on base-ball?"

"Gi' me 'The Rise an' Fall of the Reman Um-Carry One.

Puck. Brown-I understand you have had an addition to your family. Jones-Yes, and something to carry.

A Wicked Reply. San Francisco Post. He-Isn't Mrs. Maydupp's black hair pretty! She-I don't think it half as becoming as her

A pretty basket, which may be used as a wall pocket or merely as an ornament, is a large round straw hat. Sometimes it is gilded or bronzed. This has a broad ribbon band about it, drawing up two sides of the bat sufficient near together to form a basket shape. This rib bon, tied in a large bow serves as a handle. When the basket is bronzed, pale blue ribbon makes a very effective trimming. A bunch dried grasses or artifical flowers may be added to further beautify it. A bunch of peacook feathers ornaments a gilded basket very band-

The American Garden ways on the continen of Europe rose fruit is held in high esteem pickles, preserves, sauce and various other cal